

Tuesday, February 18, 1947

Mary Washington College of the University of Virginia

Vol. XIX. No. 13

Armstrong Elected Student Government Prexy

Beatitudes Are Theme of R. E. Week; C. Ralston Smith Is Principle Speaker

Rev. C. Ralston Smith, pastor of the Pine Street Presbyterian Church, Harrisburg, Pennsylvania is to be the guest speaker for Religious Emphasis Week from Feb. 18th through the 23rd. The theme for the week will be on the Beatitudes and those that apply more directly to college students will be used each day. Rev. Ralston will conduct devotions, chapels, convocation and appear on a faculty forum entitled, "Should a Formal Education Develop One's Spiritual Resources. A Sunday morning service will be conducted at eleven o'clock in George Washington Auditorium to which everyone is invited. Accompanying Rev. Smith are Mrs. Smith and small son who will be staying at the E. J. Ensley home.

The weeks program will be as follows:

Tuesday, February 18
"Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth."

7:00-7:15—Morning Watch in Ball Parlor; 12:30 P. M.—Chapel—Rev. C. Ralston Smith, Y. W. C. A. Choir, George Washington Auditorium; 4:30-4:45—Radio Program—Rev. C. Ralston Smith; 5:00 P. M.—Seminar: Minister from Town, Ball Parlor; 7:00 P. M.—Platform Address—Rev. C. Ralston Smith, Chandler 12; 10:15-10:30—Vespers in all dormitory parlors.

Wednesday, February 19
Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."

7:00-7:15—Morning Watch in Ball Parlor; 2:00-4:00—Personal Conferences with Rev. C. Ralston Smith, Ball Parlor; 4:30-4:45—Radio Program, Holiday Chorus; 5:00 P. M.—Seminar: Minister



REV. C. RALSTON SMITH

from Town, Ball Parlor; 7:00 P. M.—Convocation—Rev. C. Ralston Smith, Y. W. C. A. Choir, George Washington Auditorium; 10:15-10:30—Vespers in all dormitory parlors.

Thursday, February 20
"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."

7:00-7:15—Morning Watch in Ball Parlor; 2:00-4:00—Personal Conferences with Rev. C. Ralston Smith, Ball Parlor; 4:30-

4:45—Radio Program, Rev. C. Ralston Smith; 5:00 P. M.—Seminar: Minister from Town, Ball Parlor; 7:00 P. M.—Faculty Panel, "Should a Formal Education Develop One's Spiritual Resources" Monroe Auditorium, Mr. Oscar Darter, Mr. Charles Davidson, Dr. Charles Martin, Rev. C. Ralston Smith, Dr. Reginald Whidden; 10:15-10:30—Vespers in all dormitory parlors.

Friday, February 21
Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy."

7:00-7:15—Morning Watch in Ball Parlor; 12:30-1:00—Chapel—Rev. C. Ralston Smith, George Washington Auditorium; 2:00-4:00—Personal Conferences with Rev. C. Ralston Smith, Ball Parlor; 5:00 P. M.—Seminar: Minister from Town, Ball Parlor.

Saturday, February 22
"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled."

7:00-7:15—Morning Watch in Ball Parlor; 10:00-12:00—Personal Conferences with Rev. C. Ralston Smith, Ball Parlor; 10:15-10:30—Vespers in all dormitory parlors.

Sunday, February 23
"Rejoice and be exceedingly glad: for great is your reward in Heaven."

10:45-11:00—Organ Recital, Jane Sumpter; 11:00-12:00—Morning Worship—Rev. C. Ralston Smith, YWCA Choir, George Washington Auditorium; 2:00-2:30—Devotionals, Monroe Auditorium.

Sophs Present "The Big Wig" Night of Feb. 25

A musical extravaganza entitled "The Big Wig" will be presented as the sophomore benefit this coming Saturday, Feb. 22, at 8 p. m. in Monroe auditorium. Barbara Watson, general director, says that rehearsals are well underway.

The plot and other details are being kept secret but it can be told that George Washington really 'gets hep' when he decides to visit his mother's scholastic namesake, Mary Washington College. The leading parts will be taken by Phyllis Biondi and Martha Gene Randall.

Co-technical directors for the show are Betsy Kyle and Jane Eanes. Betty Nash is publicity director and Charlotte Baylis is business manager. Various committees and their chairmen are as follows: tickets, Jo Wilson; programs, Primm Turner; props, Jane Yeatman; costumes, Joan Reke-meyer; and make-up, Peggy Walton. The script committee consists of Phyllis Biondi, Andi Dulany, Joan Rekemeyer, Betty Lou Shell-horse, Primm Turner and Barbara Watson.

Tickets, which will go on sale Feb. 18 outside the College Shop, are 45c each.

"Y" and ARA Candidates Nominated

Sarah Armstrong was elected president of the student body at chapel Friday, February 14. "I couldn't realize that Nelle was really saying my name when she announced the results," Sarah said, when asked how she felt. "I just couldn't grasp the idea."

Her chief aim as president will be to strive for a unified student body in thought and action.

Installation of all of the new council members will be held sometime in April. Sarah is looking forward to working with a progressive and cooperative council, representative of the student body.

"I hope that the students will feel free to come directly to Student Council members to clear up any misunderstandings that may arise. We will be their representatives and we will appreciate any suggestions they have. I think one of the main purposes of the council is to make life more pleasant on The Hill, and with the help of the students we can further this purpose."

Nominations were made for Y president and ARA president during the election. Nancy Kauffman and Martha Warriner are the nominees for Y president.

Betty Braxton and Barbara D'Armond were named as candidates by the nominating committee for ARA and Betty Cox, Joyce Sprinkle and Ann Bartholomew were nominated from the floor.

Ex-'Bullet' Member Reveals Harrowing Experience, Tells Of Beach Crash-Landing

By Jane Gardner

"I'll see you when you come down to Fredericksburg in two weeks," were my parting words to my family as I board the big DC-3 American Airliner headed for Washington, at La Guaradia Airport in New York. Little did I know! The first surprise was that the man who sat next to me was a neighbor in New Rochelle, our home. He was on his way to Tucson, Arizona, we carried on a lively conversation about families et cetera, as I knew his daughters, although I had never met him before that evening. It's a small world, as the saying goes, but it was a lucky thing for me that Mr. Kuhn was on my plane.

We took off at about half-past five in the afternoon and dinner was served soon after. But as we were expecting to be in Washington in only an hour and I planned to eat at the airport there, while waiting for my bus connection to Fredericksburg, I restrained myself from eating anything, an action which I later greatly regretted. But at six-thirty we were just landing in Baltimore, and I was very surprised to see rain coming down in sheets when I looked out through my little window, for we had taken off in fairly clear weather. Taking off again the plane was headed for Washington, and when the "Fasten Seat Belt" sign lighted, I perked up and began putting on my coat, naively thinking that in a few minutes I would be getting off and having my dinner.

Was I wrong! No sooner had I struggled into my stadium-boots than the stewardess came down the aisle to tell us that we were heading back to Baltimore, were there, right below us, when the

lights of the National Airport in Washington! It seems that five planes, including a small private one, had declared "emergencies" and would have "clearance" before us. (What an aeronautical vocabulary I picked up the night of January 5, 1947!) The theory was that it would save time for the plane to go back to Baltimore, land, be serviced and refilled with gas. But we got to Baltimore only to find that the pouring rain had changed into glowing snow, and the pilots were told not to land and advised to try Philadelphia where the weather was supposedly better. After that I must confess that I never really knew what was happening until I read about it in the newspapers the next day.

The weather got worse and worse. Our "ceiling" became "zero"—even I could see that. On we flew, and every time we hit and air-pocket I realized more forcibly that I had not eaten since noon and that nearly ten hours had elapsed. Just then two flares went up, crackling like fire-crackers. In my sublime ignorance I thought they had been sent up by some airport to indicate its position, instead of by our plane to find out where we were, so I looked at the flares instead of what they were illuminating.

Then we CRASHED. Our Safety-belts had been fastened for some time, but even with that protection I was partly thrown from my seat. At first I was under the impression that I had made a very poor landing at some airport, but I was quickly relieved of that presumption. The stewardess (who later became known to us as "Murph") told us to get out of the plane and get out quickly. Badly shaken but very (Continued on page 5)

Edwards Will Direct "The Distaff Side"

Race Differences Denied At Forum

Prejudice against the Negro was the chief topic of discussion at the February Open Forum. The speakers, were Mr. Oscar Darter, Dr. Carol Quenzle, Miss Barbara Hudson and Miss Jesse McWhorter.

Mr. Darter led the discussion with the objective and scientific side of the matter. He pointed out that racial purity does not exist.

The tragic effect of discrimination and the white man's prejudice upon the life of the negro was pictured by Dr. Quenzle. Advocated plans for the betterment of the colored race were presented by Miss Hudson.

Miss McWhorter, from Georgia told of the intolerance of the people of her state and their belief in the inferiority of the negro.

The speeches were given in the manner of a panel discussion, rather than the usual debates and the audience question-period brought a whole-hearted participation in the discussion. Miss Katherine Knight served as moderator.

The women behind the scenes were chosen at a recent meeting of the Mary Washington Players when Justine Edwards was elected student director to work with faculty director, Mrs. Sarah V. Hodges, on the British comedy "The Distaff Side" by John Van Druten. Fan Cox was elected technical director and Margaret Smith is business manager. Several appointments have been made with Alice Cassriel as stage manager and Jane Cleland in charge of make-up.

A comedy in three acts, "Distaff Side" is a play of character-development. The dialogue reveals what life has done individually to sisters, mothers and daughter who are fundamentally alike.

Tryouts for the play were held on Friday and Monday evenings by the Players and notices of the cast will be posted in the near future. "The Distaff Side" is scheduled for production on March 28th, in George Washington auditorium.

ANNOUNCING

Complaints and semester subscriptions for "The Bulletin" will be taken Wednesday, February 19, outside the C-Shop from 11:20 to 12:30 and from 8:00 to 9:00 P. M.

Alaskans Perform For Prom Waltz On March 1st

The committee in charge of arrangements for the Promenade Waltz on March 1 was issued the following announcement:

"The plans for the Promenade Waltz to be held March 1 have been completed. The music for the occasion will be furnished by the Alaskans Orchestra of Washington, D. C. As a special feature Mr. Levin Houston has written an original composition named "The Promenade Waltz" which will be played by the orchestra just preceding intermission and just before the dancers leave the Hall of Mirrors. Inside the dance programs there will be a complete miniature copy of the words and music for "The Promenade Waltz." The cover design for the programs has been drawn by Mr. Ronald Faulkner and carries out the theme of the music.

The girls who will participate in the waltz figure were selected at the meeting held February 5. At that time a committee was organized to decorate for the Collegiate Capers, as the tea dance has been named. This will be held in Monroe Hall from 3:30 to 5:30 P.M.

"The final meeting of all the girls attending the dance will be held in Monroe Auditorium on Wednesday, February 26. It is important that all girls attend to receive their date cards and last-minute information about procedures to be followed."

The Bullet

Published every Tuesday during the college year except during holidays and examination periods, by the students of Mary Washington College of the University of Virginia, Fredericksburg, Virginia.

Member Associated Collegiate Press, Member Intercollegiate Press

Represented for National Advertising by
National Advertising Service, Inc.
420 Madison Ave.—New York, N. Y.

Office: Library No. 4. P. O. Box: No. 1187, College Station.

Printers: Colonial Press, Inc.

Subscription rate: \$1.50 a year; ten cents a copy.

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief Virginia Pinchbeck
Business Manager Joan Knott
News Editor Ellen Arendall, Phyllis Campbell, Dorothy Conway, Anne Dulany, Jean Ferguson, Becky Grigg, Patty Head, Ann Jackson, Sandra Milliken, Ann Wilson, Jane Jackson, June Klein, Jane Gardner, Nancy Welch.
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We're Asking For It

Freedom of speech is a dangerous and good thing. Especially is it a good thing at a college to have a public means of airing complaints. We do not know of a better morale builder than the knowledge that wrongs will be righted if only they are known by those who can right them. This is one target *The Bullet* is constantly trying to hit.

We publish your letters as they come in, if they, in our collective opinions, seem to have at their centers sufficient truth and purpose. This is not so much of a censorship as it may seem at first, because we do not necessarily publish letters with which we agree. If a letter comes in with which we violently disagree and for which we have information for an adequate reply, we reserve the right to make that reply. Usually, however, we prefer to let our contributors settle the issues raised by letters with their letters. Thus the reader is left to draw, we hope, proper conclusions from the evidence presented by both sides.

Here are a few words of advice to anyone who plans to send a letter to the editor: (1) Be brief. (2) Be factual in your statements, not emotional. (3) Be sure of your facts: this "she-told-me-that-someone-told-her-that-someone-told-her" business has gone far enough. (4) Be sure to sign your name in full: anonymous letters defeat their own purpose.

And remember—it is better to be wrong than not to write.

J. G.

Conversation Piece

Well, Mazie, you can imagine my surprise when I found this long note on my bed telling me that Ginny P. (that's the editor of *The Bullet*) had gone home to Richmond with appen—appen—appen—oh well, a pain in the stomach. You could have knocked me over with a feather. I'm telling you, kid, I've been running around ever since like a chicken with its head off. First I had to dash over to Madison and Virginia and Willard to break the news to the news staff. They're good kids and they all said they'd get their stories in right away. Then I left a note in Jean Knott's room in Marye (you won't tell Pat I cut through the hedge?).

Honestlee, Mazie, this ain't no cinch. This *Bullet* editing. You gotta write an editorial a week and if you can think of something hot to write about every week, I'll let you take my place. No kidding, it is discouraging. Especially when you read all these exchange papers from other colleges. They have such good jokes. Never mind. There's bound to be somebody around this place with a sense of humor. Now take me for instance—hey Mazie, where're you going? What time did you say it is?—9:25? And I have a 9:30. Hey Mazie, wait for me!

J. G.

Letters to the Editor

Dear Editor:

The letters appearing in the last issue presented a biased and minority opinion concerning the attitudes toward the song content in the tri-unit and the incident following it. The minority opinion of any issue should be brought forth and form an opinion of; however, the other side should be presented. Does individual "democratic right" entail the advocacy of lack of community co-operation, regardless of the result on the rest of the students composing a community? For a dormitory is a community and any project entered upon by it requires co-operation. A successful democracy is based on co-operation. Should the requirement of co-operation be dissolved for a few declaring their "individual rights"? The so-called "lack" of M. W. C. spirit and good sportsmanship spoken of in the letters published could not be more evident than in the lack of participation shown in the, fortunately, minority of the students.

The aforementioned "group of brawny mob-spirited individuals" enforced only their right of free speech in asking the questions, "Why didn't you want to come? Why wouldn't you support us?" No clothes were torn from anyone's back; only one person was questioned. If dousing in a tub of water is the only means ever used in an effort to get people to make themselves a part of the group rather than "apart," it is a far cry from the Hitler Youth movement.

One member of student government was not and could not have been responsible for the feelings of the majority toward those not participating. All of us know we need an incentive to enter into something we realize is beneficial and worthwhile. A "Come on, let's go," and often more to get us into action is needed.

The main part of the students are still cognizant of the purposes and enjoyment to be found in all-out participation of any event held on The Hill, and there is no need for this unfortunate occurrence to be detrimental to future events and progress.

Betty Gene Sparks.

The Bells

With Apologies to Poe
(Reprinted from the William & Mary "Flathat")

Here the bells, hear the bells,
What a world of eggs their melody fortells

How you shiver, shiver, shiver in
the icy air of morn,
And your liver is all a-quiver with
the thought of hens unborn,
Prematurely taken from their
shells, shells, shells
In response to the ringing of the
bells.

Still more bells, chapel bells,
What a world of boredom their
irony compels,
How they clatter, clatter and roar
and their summons we abhor.
Oh the feeling of annoyance it im-
pels—(Hells bells)

In the dinging and the donging of
the bells.
See the belles, pretty belles,
Oh the gladness and the madness
their presence here compels,
And the hokum, hokum, hokum
that they sling us all the time,
Till we fall victims all to their
applesauce sublime,
And pay the price of folly to the
sound of wedding bells.

The Providence College Cowl
quoted a freshman who, when
asked by a patronizing "family
friend" how old he was, answered:
"Well, my latest personal survey
shows my psychological age to be
22; my moral age, 10; my anatomi-
cal age, 17; and my physiologi-
cal age, 16. I suppose, however,
you refer to my chronological age
which is 18." That silenced all
further attempts at conversation.

Ad-Staff Finds Store Coverage No Easy Job

One of the most difficult phases of newspaper work is advertising. It is also often the department of a paper which receives the least credit and does the most work.

The advertising staff of *The Bullet* is headed by Martha Lou Moeschler, a sophomore from Roanoke, Virginia. Barbara Reedy and Phyllis Campbell complete the staff.

Martha Lou admitted the difficulty of her job when she related the various time-consuming tasks performed by her and her staff in obtaining advertisements for the paper.

"First," she said, "we cover all or just about all the stores in town and that's quite a job."

After a store has consented to buy an advertisement, Martha Lou and her staff find out exactly. Sometime a regulation advertising cut is used and other times something different is wanted. A file of records of all the advertisements used must also be kept.

Every Sunday Martha Lou and her staff make up the advertising section of the paper. Statements are sent out to the various stores at the first of every month. Receipt copies are kept and have to be checked in order to find out who has paid and who hasn't.

Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth.
Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.
Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are merciful: for they shall attain mercy.
The Beatitudes are to be the subjects for Religious Emphasis week which begin February 18-23.

Everyone is invited to attend the morning watches, seminars, and discussion groups. "Y" is happy to welcome the Rev. E. Ralston Smith from Harrisburg, Penn. who is our guest speaker for the week.

Don't worry if you got a zero on an exam, it means nothing. Absolutely nothing.

Devotionals last Sunday were in observance of the Day of Prayer held by the World Student Christian Association. This was a joint program by "Y" and the denominational groups on the "hill." Every Sunday at 2 p. m. in Monroe auditorium a short program is held for you. Use this opportunity.

Decoration, Bowling Balls Uses For State Flower

"Cornus Florida" is the botanical name of the beautiful dogwood trees which bear Virginia's state flower and ornament our college campus. It is one of 40 species of Cornus trees found in the northern hemisphere. These Cornus trees acquired the name dogwood when the extract of the bark of the "Cornus Sanguinea" was used in England for washing mangy dogs.

The Cornus Florida is considered one of the most ornamental of all dogwood flowers. Like most of the other species, it is a hardy tree, which thrives in almost any soil and grows in shady places under larger trees as well as in exposed sunny places.

Besides decorating the landscape, the dogwood tree has a number of commercial uses. Its wood, which is hard, heavy, and close-grained, is used chiefly for parts of cotton-mill machinery. Also, various equipment for sports is made of dogwood, such as croquet and bowling balls and golf stick heads. Cornus Florida bark can be made into good tooth powder and black ink. The

bark of the roots yields scarlet dye, and the bark of all parts of the tree contains some substances found in cinchona. A substitute for quinine may also be obtained from the bark, and one can ward off fever by merely chewing on the twigs.

A great deal of dogwood has been planted in the East, but much more should be, for it adds much beauty to the landscape and is easy to plant. As one of their conservation measures, the garden clubs of Virginia have encouraged the planting of dogwood in every available space on both public and private property. Along a highway in New Jersey, dogwood are being planted in memory of many of the men who were lost in the last war.

There are many old and curious legends about the dogwood. One, older than the others, is that the cross upon which Christ was crucified was made from a dogwood tree. Because of this, it is said that the dogwood would never again be strong enough to bear the weight

Continued On Page 4

PRIMM'S PENNINGS

—Primm Turner



The poor thing's been that way since the song contest!

SPORTS

Freshmen Lead In Tourney; Willard III and I Tie For First Place

Class Teams Start Practice Soon

After two weeks of girl's basketball games, the freshmen are showing their superior ability by leading in the tournament.

Willard III and Willard I are tied, each team having won four and lost one. Virginia I and III, which has played only three games, has a record of three wins, no defeats. The only other team to win three games is Westmoreland, with three wins and two losses.

The games are played mainly on Monday, Wednesday and Friday afternoons at 4:45 and Tuesday and Thursday nights from 7:00-9:30.

Officials for these games are members of Miss Lumpkin's officiating class, who are trying for their local and national ratings. The timekeepers and scorekeepers are members of the Basketball Committee, assisted by Physical Education majors.

Practice for class teams will start soon so that class games may get under way as promptly as the dormitory champion has been decided upon.

Basketball Scores

Westmoreland 15—Tri-Unit 14.
Willard I 21—Westmoreland 13.
Virginia I & III 11—Tri-Unit 9.
Willard I 20—Willard III 7.
Off Campus 10—Willard II 21.
Betty Lewis 10—Westmoreland 22.
Tri-Unit 13—Betty Lewis 15.
Virginia II 10—Tri-Unit 15.
Va. I & III 14—Off Campus 13.
Cornell 10—Willard I 38.
Willard III 22—Willard II 15.

Sports Calendar

Thursday, Feb. 18—
Rec. swimming.....4:30-5:15
Basketball games.....
Willard II-Cornell.....7:00
Willard III-Off Campus.....7:15
Tri-Unit-Willard I.....8:00
Va. I & III-Betty Lewis.....8:15
Wednesday, Feb. 19—
Rec. swimming.....4-5
Va. II-Off Campus.....4:45
Thursday, Feb. 20—
Rec. swimming.....4:30-5:15
Cornell-Off Campus.....4:45
Willard III-Westmoreland.....7:00
Tri-Unit-Willard II.....7:15
Va. I & III-Willard I.....8:00
Va. II-Betty Lewis.....8:15
Friday, Feb. 21—
Rec. swimming.....4-5
Willard III-Cornell.....4:45
Saturday, Feb. 22—
Rec. swimming.....4-5; 7:30-9:00
Sunday, Feb. 23—
Rec. swimming.....3:30-5:00

Univ. of New Mexico Sets Up Ski School In Sandia Range

Albuquerque, N. M.—(I.P.)—Establishment of a ski school for University of New Mexico students to be operated at La Madera Ski Area in the Sandia mountains was announced here by James L. McNamara, director of the school and new part time physical education instructor at the University.

McNamara, who helped found the American ski troops during the war, will have seven assistants at La Madera, and is opening activities at the University with movie and dry skiing instructions for students.

Instruction at the ski run, where the second largest T-bar lift in the U. S. is being completed, will be given University students five afternoons a week, and McNamara and his assistants will give private lessons regularly at the run besides. University students will pay a \$10 seasonal fee for instruction.

Product of the Yosemite Valley in California, where he skied seven months of the year, McNamara studied ski teaching methods for two years under Luggi Foeger, former head of the famous St. Anton school in Austria.

Facilities at La Madera, just being completed, include cafeteria, sport shop, lounge, dormitories, and showers.

lawn chairs. To gentle protestations of the participants, Mr. Walther replied: "These aren't a bit worse than what you'd find in most any handy class in Virginia."

And this is just the beginning. Nancy Jones took one look at the above mentioned white chairs, and asked that they be measured. She had premonitions of sitting in one of them, and wanted to be sure of a proper fit. It was just a precaution, however.

Betty Walte has discovered a very latest angle in riding, and I do mean angle. The reins are no longer held in the hands—they are worn gracefully about the neck. As to how this phenomenon came about—your guess is as good as mine.

Every day we hear new evidence of Donna Mathew's versatility. Her amazing feats go from tight rope walking to bare back riding—or at

W. & M. Freshmen Sink Vets 63-22

The William and Mary Freshmen took the MWC Vets by surprise and rolled up a 53-22 score against them last Saturday night, Feb. 8, in Monroe gym.

The boys from W. & M. were superior to their opponents in every way: guarding, handling the ball, and hitting the basket. At half time, the score was 17-5. W. & M.'s favor. In the second half they rolled on to defeat the Vets 53-22.

MWC Vets	W. & M.
Hearn 3	Hewitt 6
Martin 0	Parker 12
Lieberman 5	Garrison 18
Snellings 2	Scott 3
White 5	Galloway 10
Jones 7	Hill 4

Notice

There will be a singles badminton tournament and table tennis tournament in the near future. Those eligible include women students, co-eds, and faculty. Sign up on the bulletin board outside the Physical Education offices.

Senor Nin-Culmell, Pupil of de Falla, Has Fiery Technique

Senator Joaquin Nin-Culmell, famed Cuban composer-pianist, gave a concert of European classics as another in the current series of Lyceum programs last Monday evening in George Washington Auditorium.

Senor Nin-Culmell was a student of the contemporary Spanish composer Manuel de Falla who died only recently. From him, Senor Nin-Culmell learned the fiery Spanish technique as well as the more subdued mood techniques of Western Europe. Senor Nin-Culmell is well-known throughout the Spanish-speaking world and the United States.

The first part of the pianist's concert was devoted to the compositions of Mozart, Beethoven, and Chopin. The latter part consisted of the major works of Manuel de Falla. These were played by Senor Nin-Culmell as a tribute to the great composer.

The four Spanish pieces which made up the first half of the De Falla tribute were composed after he had settled in Paris and received praise from French composers. These show some of the French influence, lacking the fire and spirit of the Spanish composition. Even though this French influence is present, de Falla had only Spain in mind when he composed the pieces.

The first sketch, "Aragonesa," is based on a dance performed in northern Spain. The second piece, "Cubana," was written when Cuba was still a part of provincial Spain. The third one, "Montanesa" is the most impressive. It is based on a mountain folk song. The last piece, "Andaluz," was written about the sunny southern part of Spain.

The second half of Senor Nin-Culmell's tribute to de Falla consisted of three excerpts from "El Amor Brujo" which is about a gypsy girl who loses her lover and her attempts to get him back. The three excerpts, "Dance of Terror," "The Magic Circle," and "Ritual Fire Dance" show the fervor and intensity of real Spanish moods and music.

least that's the way she tells it. Currently she is training "Virginia Boy" to go in her middle ring act, for Ringling Brothers. We wonder if she would care to be sponsored in a big exhibition between Ball and Virginia Halls. Dear beginners, don't believe everything your coach tells you!

All the riding gang welcomes back that good old horsey gal, Alison Bowen to the paddock, raring to go.

Grooming Expert Says "You Feel As Well As You Look"

Miss Gladys Bliss, noted authority on good grooming and beauty, was a visitor to the campus of Mary Washington last week at which time she conducted a series of good grooming lectures and gave private consultations to some of the students.

Her lectures presented the importance of good grooming to morale, to economic welfare, and to home and social life. During the consultation periods, Miss Bliss advised the individual student on the care of the skin, the problem of make-up for specific facial types, care of the hands and nails, clothing, the hair, and the figure.

It is Miss Bliss's opinion that you feel only as well as you look. To possess poise and self-assurance she believes that one must be well-groomed.

She cautioned that good grooming isn't something that is acquired in a day or two, but it is achieved by long hours of patient consideration and action on the part of the individual.

Some of the suggestions and problems Miss Bliss discussed in connection with the various phases of good grooming were as follows:

The Skin—The blemishes that appear on the skin of the person of high school or college age is usually caused by a diet composed of too much starch and sugar. By passing up that candy bar, cake, or sundae, the general condition of the skin is greatly improved. If a more serious skin trouble is evident, one should consult a good skin specialist.

The right kind of cleansing is also essential to a healthy skin. The soap one uses is an important factor to be considered. A person with an oily skin should never use an oily soap. On the other hand, the person with dry skin should shy away from soap with drying tendencies.

Hair—Frequent cleansing and brushing are important factors to be considered.

The figure—Usually problems of the figure can be corrected by exercise and diet. A doctor should be consulted about the diet. It is never advisable to go on a starvation diet in order to lose weight.

Clothing—In clothing, choose right color combinations and materials that will last. In buying checked or plaid material, be sure the figures aren't too bold or big to fit your individual height and proportions.

One of the things which lowers the standards of good grooming in high school and college is the popularity of foals—dirty saddle shoes, long sloppy sweaters, woolen shirts, etc. While some can adopt these fads favorably, others damage their efforts at good grooming.

Social Notes

Barbara Gustafson, ex-'47, will become the bride of John Bishop on March 1 in the Methodist Church of Newport News, Va. Laura Wright will serve as one of the bridesmaids at the ceremony.

Sally Oast, Olive Partee, Rita Goodwyn and Sarah Luhm spent the past week-end visiting in Washington.

Ginny Pinchbeck, Bulletin editor, went home to Richmond last Thursday to undergo an operation for appendicitis.

Bette Muth was a guest at house parties at Muhlenberg College, Allentown, Pa., this week-end. Bette attended the 'Berg Junior Prom, where music was provided by the orchestra of Vincent Lopez, on Friday night, and an informal dance at the Alpha Tau Omega house Saturday night.

Jane Fitzcharles visited at the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Md., this week-end.

Sallie Crowell, Marilee Hicks and Barbara Good were guests at the Marine Valentine Dance at Quantico Friday night.

Joyce Ann White is a patient at the Mary Washington Hospital, where she underwent an operation for appendicitis last week.

Ann Driscoll was visiting in Richmond this week-end.

Laura Wright was a guest at the U. S. Naval Academy this past week-end. While there she dated a visiting cadet from the U. S. Military Academy.

Mary Nuckols visited Inez North in Pittsfield, Mass., this week-end.

Betty Lou Fleischer visited in Washington over the week-end.

Indian Confuses Wiring Airlines

The following exchange of telegrams should win a prize for something or other. They were sent by the Los Angeles and Denver reservation offices of Western Airlines.

Denver: "Need reservation no-name Los Angeles to San Francisco."

Los Angeles: "Reservation made no-name Los Angeles to San Francisco."

Los Angeles: "Re your no-name reservation, must have name for same."

Denver: "Re your message 'Re no-name reservation, must have name for same,' same is name. Passenger is Indian."

Landscaped Sport-Shirts Become Rage In Texas

What Ziegfeld did for the American girl, Tully Petty, freshman art student at Texas Christian University has done for the male sports shirt: glorified it.

Convinced that even a yellow gabardine shirt has its dull moments, Petty bought several and painted their fronts with colorful outdoor scenes. For example, on the right side he would paint a man shooting pheasant; on the left side, a dead pheasant pluming down; and clear across the midriff—an appropriate landscape.

Another yellow shirt is entitled "Showdown." On the right a sharp-shooting cowboy stands with his smoking pistols; on the left, one dead hombre. The left side of the shirt seems to be "No Man's Land" in either case. If you ever have a missing button, you can always claim it was shot off.

Besides shirts, he paints ties, shorts, skirts and scarfs. A local department store has placed orders for some of his scarfs, replete with top hat, lamp post and champagne glass designs.

Ames, Iowa—(ACP)—American women wear wedding rings, but one Indian woman at Iowa State wears a gold bracelet to signify her marriage. Mrs. Mahalanobis, wife of a lecturer who recently appeared there, explained that the family of the groom in India presents a gift to the bride, which in her case, was a gold bracelet that will never be removed.

Notice posted on the Bulletin board in the Engineering Building at the University of Texas: "For sale, beautiful diamond engagement ring, 46-point, with six side diamonds."



The new crop of beginners is on its merry way. They have been through the painful process of learning to mount, and of learning to post to a trot. And they are gradually learning the names of their favorite mounts. I said gradually, because actually some of them are a little mixed up just yet. Two beginning members of the 10:30 Monday and Wednesday class, Audrey Sandhop and Delores O'Brien, glibly asked to ride "Gladstone" and "Plaything." I distinctly heard them and I also heard "Gladstone" and "Playday" groan. But after many years in the service, they really aren't as sensitive as you would imagine.

Oak Hill now stables a new bay mare. Her name is "Scapo Flo", and she bids fair to win some ribbons in the spring, if all goes well. The name is an odd one, I think. Phyl Derigon did a little research on it in the library. She found that Scapa Flow is a sea port in the Hebrides. During World War I the Germans scuttled their fleet there, when it became evident that they would be defeated. That should be a good omen!

Rumor had it that Joyce Sprinkle used to study her notes, whenever her horse was only walking, so as to use profitably every moment of the day. Now we have encountered the same kind of situation with Miss Towles Rowe. This beauty was seen gayly cleaning her fingernails as "Overtime" strode along. I shiver to think of the time when all horses will be equipped with rear view mirrors, for "primping" purposes.

Thursday afternoon the advanced class went through a rigorous jumping drill. (Towles also, despite the cleaning.) The jumps ranged from one about half as wide as a normal one, with no wings, to a row of white metal

Veteran Abhors Coddling University Survey Shows

Lacks "The World Owes Me a Living" Attitude, For One

Austin, Tex.—(I.P.)—How has the veteran adjusted himself to campus life? Eight University of Texas sociology students this week completed a survey on this question made under the direction of Dr. Harry E. Moore, associate professor of sociology.

"Above all else, the veteran wants people to cease thinking of him as a problem child, needing constant coddling, babying and investigation," the students making the survey concluded. "He wants to be a civilian and to be treated like one; to get an education, a job, marry and live a normal life. "He is remarkably free from 'the world owes me a living' for what I have done' attitude. Yet at the same time he wishes the government would see fit to be more generous in allotments for both single and married veterans. He realizes that he has lost much time, and he is in a hurry to finish school in order to start earning a living."

A questionnaire was sent by the students making the survey to all veterans at the University. In addition, 120 veterans were interviewed personally. A similar questionnaire was sent to non-veteran students. Among the findings were these:

Thirty percent of the veterans

are from 21-22 years of age. Chances are 72 out of a 100 that the veterans' education was interrupted by his service.

One-third of the veterans are married, and of these, two-thirds married during the war. Only 16 per cent live on their government allotments; the majority of those who do not do so supplement their allotment from savings.

The war made 74 per cent more favorable toward religion and 66 per cent less favorable to ward labor unions.

Fifty-seven percent are more favorable to racial and minority groups as the result of their war service.

Most of the veterans consider that they have had the "breaks in housing and government employment, and the non-veterans stated their belief that the veterans should have the breaks.

The vets had a variety of opinions about their courses of study. Most indicated they favor certain reforms, such as greater personal interest on the part of the teachers, short refresher courses for veterans, more individual help in planning courses of study, smaller classes, a standardized grading system, higher pay for teachers, credit for training received in service, opportunity to write an opinion of the course at the end of the semester, more practical courses and a return to the three-semester plan to enable the veteran to complete his work more quickly.

Spanish Majors Can Now Winter In Mexico City

Mexico City.—(I.P.)—A "Winter Quarter in Mexico" for U. S. college students, is now in session at Mexico City College. The program, which started January 6 and ends March 14, is planned both for Spanish majors and for students of international relations.

The plan represents the realization of a project started by Dr. James E. Tharp, professor of education at Ohio State University, and Paul V. Murray, vice-president and dean of Mexico City College. Last winter Tharp took a small "pioneering" group of students to Mexico and on the basis of that experience the enlarged program has been arranged for this year.

"Mexico City College," Dr. Tharp says, "is an American-type institution founded to give American university work in Mexico and to provide a center for students from the United States who wish to study in the southern republic."

"The thought is to provide a maximum amount of work in Spanish language and Latin American courses while not neglecting regular course work in other fields of a liberal arts nature, conducted in English, omission of which would delay graduation. Mexico City College is the only institution in Mexico equipped to carry on such a range of instruction."

Typical of courses available, according to Tharp, are those in botany, economics, education, English, fine arts, geography, geology, history, music, philosophy, political science, psychology, sociology, speech, Spanish language, Spanish civilization, and Spanish literature. Dr. Tharp offers one course in "Methods of Teaching Romance Languages."

Credits will be transferred back to each student's college by official transcript from Mexico City College, and approval by the Veterans Administration enables a student to enjoy the privileges of the "G. I. Bill of Rights" for the work in Mexico.

Law Thwarts Young Lawyer Because Of Age

New Orleans, La.—(ACP)—Law, the very subject for which Thomas Maurer studied and received his degree at Loyola University boomeranged and prevented him from becoming an attorney. According to Supreme Court law, Tom, who is 19, cannot practice law in Louisiana until he is 21 years old, even though he has already passed the state bar examination.

"It's true I can't go into court as an attorney yet, but think of all the experience I'll have when I'm of age to be admitted to the bar," Tom said. "I'll have two years more than the average 21-year-old graduate." While waiting to grow older, he is doing legal work for the Social Security Administration.

Alligator Causes Dismissal Of Class

Norman, Okla.—(ACP)—Why do professors sometimes dismiss class? Some do it to attend meetings, sometimes the professor is ill, but few dismiss class because of an alligator.

Earleen Simon, junior art student at the University of Oklahoma, received a mysterious package the other day in the middle of class. The class, including the professor, Miss Dorothy Kirk, became so curious that finally the package was opened. As one can guess, it was a baby alligator about eight inches long.

"Smoe," as the alligator was later named, took one look and decided he had better leave. After a near riot Smoe was captured by some fearless female and returned to his home, an old shoe box. Class was dismissed shortly thereafter.

Guilty Or Not Guilty?



There you are, you dear girls, tripping blithely over the bricks without a care in the world—and especially without a care for the sundries which you toss into the air. Unfortunately the laws of gravity still reign supreme even in the unorthodox areas of the Mary Washington campus. Unfortunately the gingerale bottles do not blow away into some far corner of Fredericksburg when they lose their usefulness as purveyors of liquid refreshment. No, instead they remain along the busy thoroughfares of intellectual commerce, to smite the tender eyes of bedazzled visitors, to stare with monotony into the pupils of pupils. Surely we of the true South, and we who have adopted this true South as our temporary home, surely we cannot bear to see a Dixie cup trampled under the assorted feet of women and men. Such a fate for a cup of such a name is ill-deserved. Consider the most excellent service which that waxy, paper receptacle renders to all who call upon it for help in times of need. Consider the care which went into the making of such a handy container. Lumberjacks and soda-jerks have come to have a tender regard for this cup for which they expend the sweat of their collective brows. The least we can do is to give this noble servant of humanity the dignity of a crematorial death in the hallowed precincts of an incinerator.

A sight too terrible to be faced by any but the bravest of initiates (Continued on page 6)

SCRAPS

POEME

I'm sure I have a harder time
Than anyone I know,
'Cause when I found my snow-
shoes
There wasn't any snow!

TRIBUTE

I shall forget the years I have
Not known you and remember the
months I have.

A child is like well-water—it is
no good unless it is brought up
right.

The graciousness of courtesy
lies in its spontaneity.

Her room was decorated in a
lovely color-scream.

What you would have for your
heaven gives voice to what you
are.

For fear is nothing but the
raving up of the reinforcements
that come from reason.

From The Apocrypha.

God is a circle whose center is
everywhere and its circumference
nowhere.

—St. Augustine.

THE GIFT

I gave my doll away—
I am a woman now:
The little girl was happier than I.
I started once to say

"Oh let me tell you how to name
him."

But words die
Upon the lips of women
Who have no more to do with
toys or tears.

Radio Shows Urged To Combine Humor and Education

A.C.P.—Charges frequently have been made that the American radio has fallen short in presenting ideas of democracy to millions of radio listeners. The critics explain that the intent is there but the methods chase listeners away.

Although radio men will agree that a 30-second singing commercial is better than a 15-minute sales talk, these same men put on the air long, wind dramas praising tolerance and are greeted by nation-wide dial twirling. A sound remedy for this inadequacy was voiced recently in the New Republic. It was suggested that radio should "get Fred Allen to blacken the KKK with his satire, the Lone Ranger to sell tolerance around a campfire and Dick Tracy to plug for the United Nations."

The intellectuals may not listen, but millions will. You can't talk tolerance and liberalism to people if you preach over their heads. (Oklahoma Daily)

Decoration, Bowling Balls Uses For State Flower

Continued From Page 2

of a man and that it would always carry on its petals the mark of the cross and the mark of the blood He had shed. Look closely at the petals of the dogwood today. They are four-leafed, shaped like a cross, and on the end of each is a little brown spot, like a stain of blood.

What Would You Have Said?

By BECKY GRIGG.

"Do you swear to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?" The man's keen eyes seemed to pierce through the pale white mask that was Ann's face.

"I do." She glanced at the lawyer's face. He wore a bored unconcerned look. The judge, too, came under her scrutiny. His alertness seemed to be the only real thing in this—this dreadful setting—this pantomime of sorrow. Suddenly the entire happenings of that horrible accident filled Ann's mind.

She recalled waving to the man whose eyes were upon her now. She remembered the sound of screeching brakes as a soul-tearing scream rent the air, disturbing the peace of the quiet, tree-lined street.

The nauseating sight that confronted her then became a reality once more. The sight of a man whose mangled legs were still lying directly under the car that had destroyed their form. The vivid picture of Uncle Daniel—Rich Uncle Daniel was what the kids called him—leaping out of the car and hastening to the side of the man he had injured. As she ran toward them she had heard Uncle Daniel bemoaning the fact that he had just recently dismissed his chauffeur.

As her gasp Uncle Daniel had turned around and then suddenly from all directions people seemed to appear simultaneously with the police. Then they summoned the ambulance and the crippled man had been placed in it and disappeared along with the screeching sirens.

"Miss Larney, please. I've asked you three times now. At what time did the accident take place?"

"At approximately 6:30." Ann suddenly could feel the burning heat envelop her face as her secret reared its ugly head out of the inky black pool of silence.

"If the accident took place at that time, obviously due to the sudden fog, it would have been difficult to see anyone in the murkiness—correct?"

Ann's eyes wandered as she hesitatingly replied, "If it were that dark one should have had his light—"

"Answer yes or no, please!"

"Oh, why did Uncle Daniel have to get a lawyer like this one," Ann thought as her lips formed a

whispered "Yes."

Then her eyes were drawn like a magnet to the man who was sitting in the wheelchair near the wall. His dark eyes were pleading with her, and Ann's heart saddened as she gazed at her kind old uncle. Yes, he was the one whom Daniel had run over. He, the jolly failure of the Larney family—the one she always turned to for advice was here and—so was the one to whom she went with her money troubles. Ann wondered what Peter, her Army husband would say if he knew that she had harbored a secret in such a predicament. The lawyer's next question sent an agony of thought into the deep recesses of her bewildered brain.

"If you had been driving along a bright, sunshiny street and a fog appeared in a few seconds, would you immediately turn on your lights?" The lawyer's superior attitude sent a shiver of distaste down Ann's back.

"Your Honor, I object. What the witness thinks has no bearing on the case."

"Objection sustained." Ann's eyes passed over her two uncles, pausing at each. "Rich" Uncle Daniel had a worried frown creasing his face. Ann knew why he was worried.

"If he loses this case he'll have everyone against him for not settling it out of court. The few thousand dollars it would take to give Uncle Josh the necessary operation would scarcely be missed, but—" A slow thought plunged into Ann's mind. "But he's too selfish, too greedy, to help Uncle Josh out unless he has to." Ann's eyes smoldered at this realization. "And he is guilty. He didn't come to a full stop—he only slowed down."

Then her gaze fell on her poor, unsuccessful uncle. His usually jovial face had a helpless, beaten expression written on it. He knew that the lawyer he had hired could scarcely win a case over a skilled lawyer like the man Ann's uncle had. He knew his only chance was in what Ann said, but how could he expect Ann to plead for an old failure, beaten and discouraged, when Ann could plead for her Uncle Daniel and his wealth. He'd heard about her rich Uncle Daniel and seen her face when she'd

Continued on page 7

CAMPUS CANDIDS

ED. NOTE—This week's CAMPUS CANDIDS features the first in a series of articles about the sections of the country the girls at M. W. C. represent. The series begins with New England, in general (so dear to the hearts of many girls) and Vermont, in particular. Also, an article on the new Dramatic Instructor, is presented with much accuracy and completeness of detail.

"Thy Mountain Rills" Or "Home Is Like a Salad Plate!"

The heart, literally, of New England is in Vermont, and the heart of Vermont is a little town of 800 inhabitants, named Cabot. Cabot is thirty miles away from Montpelier, the capital of Vermont and is a stone's throw from the picturesque White Mountains of New Hampshire. It is even closer than that to Vermont's Green Mountains, where Mount Mansfield, the tallest peak in Vermont, hovers over misty clouds at 4,393 feet. The largest granite quarries in the world are at Barre, Vermont, only 25 miles away. Goddard College, a modern, progressive college, where the students do just as they please, and achieve the highest in education, is in the environs of Cabot.

Cabot itself is a sleepy country town where the village store proprietor is a Dartmouth graduate and his wife an able Congregational woman. There's a baseball game on the village common every Sunday with neighboring teams, and the enthusiasm is so much larger than the ball field that the windows of the school and church are in danger. The people of Cabot are firmly rooted and typically New Englanders. They have Boston baked beans and brown bread every Saturday night with a good boiled dinner thrown in now and then. Their capacity for hospitality is enormous. Although the hospitality of the "damn-Yankee's has not been publicized, it ranks in the class of Southern hospitality, without, of course, the fried chicken.

The way to get acquainted with newcomers is to have a square dance with plenty of food and the countryside participating. Thrown out of the window for the evening are the staid New England customs, inhibitions, and stilted speech. Everyone eats and drinks and dances and the mad jiggerbugging of today cannot compare to it. How the older people can deride jiggerbugging when they can square dance all evening without a murmur when two dances would knock out the strongest horse, is a matter of wonder. The evening usually ends with group singing until the inevitable "Good Night Ladies" comes out. Square dancing is fun and not too compromising as you never get closer than three feet to your partner except during one of their mad "swings" or "doozy dos." It requires a great deal of concentration to catch on during one evening. In fact, what is really needed is a good partner with the pulling power of a mule. Then he leads you around with the greatest of ease.

The New England mountains are appalling they are so huge. To one who thinks a sand dune is high, they look unapproachable. But

mountains are really an optical illusion. One doesn't really climb straight up a precipice, as it looks, clinging madly to vine and rubble as he dangles a few thousand feet above terra firma. Instead, the mountain conveniently shifts into little paths and hollows which one fits into nicely with only a minimum of effort. Mount Mansfield is a nice peak where people from six to sixty shift into position, find a nice stout stick, put on rubber-soled shoes, and venture into the hinterlands. It is composed of three peaks which, seen from a distance, resembles the profile of a man lying down. The nose is high, the chin is unbelievable, but easier to climb. The nose is more sheer and is attained by climbing primitive (on all fours) over step-like rocks that go straight up and up and up. The trick is never to look up or down or over. Just stare at the wall of rock in front of you and pretend you are a monkey. Then finally you come to a step that looks rather wide and you are at the top where Lake Champlain glimmers in the distance and the Adirondacks in New York peer through their cloudy coverings.

The short-winded and the feeble-minded never climb mountains. But every one else does. It is a sure cure for the aches you get if you are plumpish you wear off pounds. If you are apathetic, the mountain air gives you the appetite of a person after a fourteen-day hunger strike. If you want to lose an unsavory companion, there is a handy cliff. If you want to appear heroic, show how light-footed you can be while crossing a ten-foot boulder or crevasse. If you crave attention, find a spot that wouldn't intimidate a grass snake, and cry for someone to help you out of your predicament. If you want freedom you get it. If you want companions cry rapturously, "Oh see the gorgeous view!" and every able-minded and conscientious tourist will rush over, complete with binoculars you can use.

Mountains and their environs bring out the poet in all of us. There seems to be a tense feeling in the air, as if even old mount himself was waiting for words of appreciation and rapture to flow from the tourists' lips. Every person who climbs to the very top and still has plenty of breath (Heaven forbid) would not be caught dead without some flowery phrase concerning the beauty of the landscape, the distant lake shimmering on the horizon, or the texture of the wild flowers growing so alone and beautiful on the peak. As for me, the only thought I have when I finally reach the top is how I'm to get down the

Continued on Page 8

Airplane Wreck

(Continued from page 1)

conscious of what was happening, we hurried out through the emergency door which Murph had opened before we crashed, although we had not noticed it at the time. We stepped out into a whirling blizzard. It was not until I saw the tail-wheel lying in the snow and saw pounding surf not ten yards away that I realized we had made a "belly-landing," wheels up, and that the wing tips were snapped off and the motors smashed. We had plopped between sand dunes and come to a stop practically at the water's edge. Every one on that plane must have been born under a lucky star.

While we were huddled together

outside, the pilot and co-pilot crawled out from the nose of the plane. The side of the co-pilot's face was very badly cut and the pilot's lip was lacerated and puffed out—they were the only two of the sixteen in the plane who were at all injured, but it was the first time I had ever seen anyone badly hurt and all I could think of was the wounded men that are often shown in war movies.

We had been hurried out of the plane because of the danger of fire, but it was soon discovered that there was not enough gas left in the tanks to ignite, so we were told to get back into the cabin which was miraculously undamaged, except for the emergency door which fell off when someone tried to close it to keep out the snow.

Continued Next Week

Impersonation Of Choir Boy Starts Drama Career Of New Instructor

By JOAN HOWARD

Mrs. Sarah Vernon Hodges, the new faculty member of the dramatic department and the faculty director of the coming spring production which is being produced by the Mary Washington Players, recently helped to execute the costumes for the new Cheryl Crawford musical comedy, *Brigadoon*, which will open in New York next month.

Our new dramatic instructor's interests have been focused on drama ever since her childhood. Just as dramatic expression started in history when people performed religious rites, it first came from Mrs. Hodges when she impersonated a choir boy. She says that she was too young to exactly know what the "New Testament" was but she knew it was religious and she sang the hymns as she paraded through the house in a choir robe.

In her high school days in New Haven, Mrs. Hodges belonged to the Arden Club, a dramatic organization, which played Shakespeare. After graduating from school she wanted to go to New York to get started in the acting profession, but her mother sent her to Pine Manor Junior College in Wellesley, Mass. There she started to major in home economics, but she soon switched to dramatics.

Rich College Years

The three years that Mrs. Hodges spent in Wellesley were rich ones in the history of the theatre; for many great European com-

panies came to America, and most of these such as the Moscow Art Theatre, the Comedie Francaise, the Ballet Russe, and the Sir Martin Harvey production of "Oedipus Rex" appeared at the Boston Opera House. "I had enough sense to go see them," says Mrs. Hodges, who used to take in darning from the college girls to replace the money she was spending on the theatre. She also saw Mr. and Mrs. Charles Rann Kennedy in "The Chastening," one of the plays for three players written by Mr. Kennedy. In the performance the Kennedy's inspired Mrs. Hodges to want to share her art with the rest of the world and not to perform just for her own satisfaction. A few years ago she worked with the Kennedy's at Bennett Junior College, where they put on Greek festivals. After the Kennedys retired from Bennett, Mrs. Hodges succeeded them as head of the dramatic department.

Joins Ouspenskaya

After she left Pine Manor, Mrs. Hodges had many theatrical adventures. She studied for a while at the Theatre Guild School at the American Laboratory, in New York. Then she joined Richard Boleslawsky and Mme. Maria Ouspenskaya as an apprentice in playing, and she assisted the Madame in the classes of acting technique. Later Mrs. Hodges went to Yale, where she studied lighting and assisted in the dramatic department. "There," Mrs. Hodges says, "I worked harder than I ever had in my life; but I had a lot of fun. Formally in the professional

theatre, I had only known the actor but in working in the department of drama at Yale, I came to understand the point of view of the playwright, director, and people in other branches of the theatre."

Prefers Amateurs

After Mrs. Hodges was married (by the way girls, she has a son just about our age) she and her husband worked at the Goodman Theatre in Chicago, where he was technical director and she worked on the costumes. The couple spent their summers in Stockbridge, Mass., when the Berkshire playhouse was in its early beginnings. They installed most of the playhouse equipment. Mrs. Hodges acted in New York while her husband was technical director and stage manager there. One of the plays in which she played was "Wednesday's Child" (Frank Thomas Jr. had the lead).

Our new dramatic instructor prefers working with students in amateur dramatics to acting on the professional stage. She feels that commercialism in the professional theatre hampers the freedom of production. Mrs. Hodges explains, "my interest in drama in education is the development of the self-discipline and technical skill essential to the actor's art, but also because it serves as a study in human relations and serves as a basis of understanding of the thoughts and emotions of our fellow men so necessary in the world today."

Have You Heard??

WATCH THIS SPACE NEXT WEEK

FOR THE LATEST

Oh For The Exciting Life Of An Apprentice Teacher!

If you have been noticing some of your illustrious seniors walking around campus, hair clubbed, dresses lengthened, and faces careworn, you can readily surmise that they've passed into that blissful state of their education known as Apprentice Teaching. Two long years of methods and philosophy sent many student teachers full of progressive ideas and confident originality tripping to the local high school daily, bent upon cramming English, math, history, et cetera, down the throats of bobby-soxers and Kilroies, and upon showing the supervisor the "HOW" of it all.

Oh, that first day in the classroom! Did ere knees so shake as when "class, this is your new student teacher!" reached the ears of the not-now-so-confident-ones.

... Observation, observation ... and then, - - - O blissful day - - - "Miss Smith will take over the class tomorrow."

Up the hill flew Miss Smith, into the dorm, down to the trunk room—Notes, books, "O, what is a predicate adjective? What in Heaven's name did Hawthorne write? How did Dr. S. present the French subjunctive? Now what is the binomial theorem?" Oh, College! Notes! Blessed days of dictation!—There was all the knowledge she would ever need!

And back to her class of waiting "Just-you-try-to-teach-me" And there are veterans in the classes, too! One day, Bob, a twenty-year-old veteran, failed a test. Miss Smith, anxious to solve any possible difficulty, went to him and asked, "What was the trouble, Bob? Didn't you read the material?"

"Yes, but I just couldn't concentrate, Miss Smith."

"You had better try to concentrate hereafter, Bob."

"But you don't expect me to

when you're teaching the class, do you," replied a grinning Bob.

Turn backward, turn backward, O Time in your flight,

Remember having to memorize those poems and recite them to the class? Well, history repeats itself

"Dwight, will you recite 'The Wild Honey-suckle'?"

"No, Miss Smith."

"Then I'll flunk, Miss Smith."

"Then say it."

"No, Miss Smith, but I'll write it for you."

"This is an oral recitation, Dwight. You must recite the poem."

"No, ma'am, I'll never say a poem aloud."

"It means your grade for today, Dwight."

"Then I'll flunk, Miss Smith."

O. Dr. Martin, I didn't learn the answers to that disciplinary problem in class.

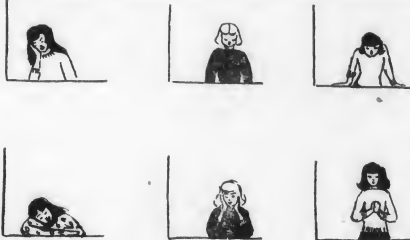
Thus goes the life of an apprentice teacher. Don't you envy them?

Or do you??

» » » AS WE SEE OURSELVES » » »



We study in spite of ourselves.



Dating is such a private affair.

Guilty or Not Guilty

(Continued from page 4)

repeat after repeat performances of old crumpled test papers blowing in the wind. Having no soft spot in our hearts for anything even faintly resembling a quiz, we broach this subject from a purely selfish viewpoint. Too often we are reminded by reproving letters from our parents, by chance remarks from so-called friends, of the unfortunate experiences engendered by tests. Is it not enough to see the ghastly things by chance glances into the back of a notebook, without having them shriek out at one from every blackjack oak, from every classroom corner.

Let us give them their proper anonymity among old Esquires, orange peels, and mayonnaise jars in the trash cans of the campus.

A trash can is a useful object. Let us arise and throw ourselves into this thing.

The word "chiffonier" comes from the French word for "rag gatherer."

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Sometimes we get the worse end of the evolution argument.

War Research Lives Saved By

Los Angeles, Calif.—(ACP)—Two or three years from now there may be more Americans alive than if there had been no World War II. So says Dr. Vern O. Knudsen, professor of physics and dean of graduate study on the Los Angeles campus of the University of California.

"In other words," he explains, "the number of American lives saved as a result of medical research during the war will soon exceed the number of boys killed in the war." Dr. Knudsen adds that, apart from winning the war and producing atomic energy, more benefits are likely to follow from the researches in the life sciences and medical sciences than from those in the physical sciences.

Smart Pests

Larvae of some fruit pests avoid stomach poisons by discarding the first few bites of tainted food before burrowing in poisoned twigs or fruit.

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3:15-3:30	Musical Notes	Rhythm Review	Dream Time	Melody Favorites	Murray
3:30-3:45	Mail Call	Talent On Review	Matinee	Ann's Anecdotes	MWC Poet
3:45-4:00	Gallant American Women	Panel	Art & Theatre Commentary	Holiday Series	Treasury Star Parade
4:00-4:15	Gallant American Women	Memory Time	MWC News Review	Chapel On Hill	March Of Time
4:15-4:30	Story Teller	Johann Straus	Drama	Great Romances Of History	Patsy Pudding
4:30-4:45	Introducing	YWCA	Holiday Chorus	Forum	

'Time' Questions Mass Education

Austin, Texas—(ACP)—Is mass education creating a kind of academic lockstep? Is quality of education being strained in our crowded schools? University of Texas staff members, commenting on these accusations in a recent issue of Time magazine, do not deny them.

Dr. James C. Dolley, vice-president of the University, said the problem is manifested at Texas most obviously in the shortage of classroom space and trained instructors. Emergency buildings are the only possible solution to the class problem, he said.

Jim Smith, student president, claims, "It is better to have 17,000 students get a good education than for 10,000 to get an excellent education and 7,000 none at all." He did not consider personal contact particularly significant until a student reaches the junior level.

The article in Time quoted Alan Valentine, president of Rochester University, as making the academic lockstep accusation.

Slipshod Methods Bring Apartment

Minneapolis, Minn.—(ACP)—To find an apartment, be slipshod in your method, advises Bill Saeke, University of Minnesota Arts sophomore. Perseverance paid off, but inaccuracy played the big part in getting him and his wife an apartment recently.

Faced with eviction, Saeke and his wife sat down to a phone and began calling every apartment listed in the directory. As they passed through the C's and into the D's with no favorite response, they got a wrong number. The woman on the other end of the line was cleaning an apartment in her home just vacated by her son-in-law.

Saeke and his wife moved in.

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Phone Call Field Day Enjoyed By U. Of Indiana

From the Indiana Daily Student: comes this account of a field day for the students living in "Unit C" at the I. U. campus. It all began when they discovered they could call anywhere in the United States free. "My girl lives in New York," one of the guys would say, "think I'll give her a buzz." If someone hadn't spilled the beans, the game would no doubt be reaching critical stages by now.

No, it isn't a new service for veterans. The telephone company

just neglected to put in the money boxes and the fellows could call their Uncle John in San Francisco or Maizie in Hoboken with a quarter, a dime, and a nickel. The coins would drop straight through to be used over again. The Bell Telephone Company reports that they lost \$500 in one week.

With a knowledge born of experience, some understanding student has added to the note: "My sympathies, Chum."

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What Would You Have Said?

Continued From Page 4

dreamed of his riches—"the face of an angel," he'd said. And yet, she was looking at him!—Maybe—Ann bit her trembling lips and looked hopelessly at him. "I know what he's think but he's guilty, too. He started across, turned toward the curb and started back across."

"Miss Larney, Mr. Vancomb is your uncle, isn't he?"

Ann glanced up and said, "Yes, he's my uncle." Then the burden of her secret overcame her—"And so is Mr. Josh Larney!"

Even the lawyer lost his bored expression at that statement. The judge peered at her through his glasses and grunted. Being on his P's and Q's, the judge knew that Ann's decision would be an important one.

Ann dejectedly went over the problem again. "Even though Uncle Daniel is rather selfish, he and Uncle Josh are my favorite uncles. If I say Uncle Josh is guilty he will never be able to have the operation and will be crippled for life, and if I say Uncle Daniel, he will be ruined in business and

will positively lose his votes to be mayor. Oh, who shall it be?"

The judge looked over his spectacles and said, "This questioning is unnecessary. Due to the one witness and no other evidence, I shall merely ask Miss Larney who is guilty."

The judge's eyes turned toward Ann. "Miss Larney, did Mr. Vancomb stop at the intersection as the law requires, or did he not?"

The alarm clock rang and Ann jumped out of bed, and quickly began to pat cold cream on her smooth cheeks. As she gazed at herself in the mirror, she frowned. "I had a dream last night about Uncle Daniel and Uncle Josh and a judge and an accident—and you woke me up at the verdict," she turned accusing eyes toward the alarm clock. Ann started thoughtfully at her reflection. "Who would I have said?" The reflection started right back.

A college student in a midwest university was asked to paraphrase the sentence, "He was bent on seeing her." He wrote, "The sight of her doubled him up."

Harry Topp: If you want a stable friend, better buy a horse.

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Boundaries Fall In Columbia's New Curriculum

NEW YORK, N. Y.—(I.P.)—The recently released report written by Columbia University's Committee on College Plans, entitled "A College Program in Action," marks new steps forward, notably in the fields of science and the humanities.

One outstanding recommendation of the Committee is the requirement of a two-year introductory survey of the natural sciences for all students, the course to be taught as a unit with no regard for traditional boundary lines separating physics, chemistry, geology and other sciences.

Another recommendation would require for all students in the sophomore year an introduction to music and the fine arts.

Other recommendations include the requirement of four years of work in physical education instead of two; the screening of students at the end of the second year of academic work to provide superior guidance for the work of the upper two years, and the provision for a more flexible selection by the student for specialization in the upper two years of the academic course.

The report, written exclusively for Columbia College, the undergraduate liberal arts college for men of the University, reaffirms the necessity for the early grounding of the college student in the three great divisions of ancient and modern learning: science, social science and the humanities.

The recommendation which would break through boundary lines in science to provide an integrated two-year course in the natural sciences, staffed by teachers prepared to give competent instruction in the complete course, rather than in one division of science, is probably the most striking phase of the report.

Columbia College believes, according to the Committee, that the "straight A. B." is the thing, even for the student who is preparing for medicine, law or another specialized profession.

As a result, the Committee recommends that "a specially constructed and well-integrated two-year course in the natural sciences be a required course for all students who are candidates for a degree from Columbia College, quite irrespective of whether such students plan to enter one of the scientific professions or not." It adds that the required course will provide a base on which men who plan to specialize later may build, but that the "water-tight division" of students at the outset of their college careers into groups of those who are destined to go into the sciences as distinct from those labeled "non-science" students is "highly undesirable."

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Sigma Tau Delta Discusses Eliot

The work of the contemporary poet T. S. Eliot was discussed at the January 22 meeting of Sigma Tau Delta in the parlors of Mary Ball Hall. Marilee Hicks, chairman of the meeting, reviewed the poet's career and Polly White discussed "The Wasteland" and "The Hollow Men," two of Eliot's most widely-known poems. Kitty Clark read and commented upon several others of his poems and the group discussed the value of his contribution to modern literature.

Isabel Larrick and Phyllis Horton will be in charge of the February meeting. They will be assisted by Marjorie Murray and Ann Chalenger.

Dr. George E. Shankle is sponsor of the Mary Washington College Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta.

"Thy Mountain Rills" or "Home Is Like a Salad Plate"

(Continued from Page 5)

darn thing again without catapulting head first off a ledge or going down backwards, piece by piece.

It may seem incredible, but women are far better mountain climbers than men. This is proved by the pathetic figures of the men seen all the way up the mountain trail, sitting forlornly on a boulder with their shoes off while the vigorous ladies are about a mile ahead, shouting, "Charlie, for heaven's sake, come ON! We'll never climb Mt. Lafayette and Washington if you don't get a move on! Charlie puts on his shoes, sighs, adjusts his back, and plods on, each step a torture rack. Besides the actual climbing, women like to explore. They teeter over the edge of a 1000-foot drop, examining a violet a crevasse. They never judge distances, but make a 10-foot jump over a crevasse with the fleetness of a mountain goat, and luckily nearly always make it. The men carefully examine every step before they make it, and would go a half-mile out of the way rather than cross anything that looks a little suspicious. Every little by-trail and added attraction on the way up appeals to a woman. She simply must see "The Cave of the Winds," or "Horro Rock" or have her photo taken on the wart on the "Old Man of the Mountain's" nose. Charlie plods after, whining all the way and finally quits entirely, leaving the little woman to stumble alone.

Yet mountain climbing is a wonderful pastime, and everyone seems to enjoy it. It matters not whether it leaves you so dog-tired that you can't move a muscle without Sigmund Liniment, or that you have a blister as big as a hamburger between the last two toes, or that you discover upon reaching the valley that you left the car keys on a boulder while you picked mountain daisies, or that someone has an ear ache or is

whining to ride the chair-lift again. No, it is all conceded to be necessary evils for true enjoyment and appreciation of bucolic life. You remember the once-awesome Blue Ridge as mere foothills, and have the urge to scale Mount Rainier. You walk with a slight forward tilt for days afterward, and are supercilious of the flat-country drones. And you contemplate the profits made if you inserted a moonshine still about half-way up the peak.

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Nothing Like College

A.C.P.—The Indiana Daily Student thinks it must seem odd to a freshman when he learns that a class of students learning to be a class of students in an orientation class; that finding out what is going on now is not finding out what is going on now, but a study of contemporary events; that people don't live in cities but in urban communities; that when members of a choir wear pink nightgowns, it isn't an ordinary choir, but an a capella choir; that a small class isn't a small class but a seminar,

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and that a dean doesn't bawl him out but gives him counseling service.

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Thurs.-Fri.-Sat., Feb. 20-21-22
Dennis Morgan - Jack Carson in
"TWO GUYS FROM MILWAUKEE"
with Joan Leslie - Also News

Sunday-Monday, Feb. 23-24
Margaret O'Brien - Edward Arnold in

"THREE WISE FOOLS"
Sunday Shows: 2:00-3:32-5:04-
6:36-8:08-9:40 P. M.

Tuesday-Wednesday, Feb. 25-26
Bette Davis - Glenn Ford in
"STOLEN LIFE"
with Walter Brennan
Also News

COLONIAL

Monday-Tuesday, Feb. 17-18
Joe Kirkwood, Jr. - Leon Errol
"GENTLEMAN JOE PALOOKA"

Wednesday-Thursday, Feb. 19-20
Joe E. Brown in
"RIDING ON AIR"
—Hit No. 2—
Bob Steele in
"AMBUSH TRAIL"

Friday-Saturday, Feb. 21-22
Charles Starrett in
"THE DESERT HORSEMAN"
Also News - Comedy - Novelty

Monday-Tuesday, Feb. 24-25
Roy Acuff in "NIGHT TRAIN
TO MEMPHIS"